

Don't Walk Away From Me by flamehairedwritings

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Summary:

“It starts over the stupidest thing. Doesn’t it always?”

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Author's Note:

A/N: This story was inspired by this anon prompt request from Tumblr:

‘Could you do 39 and 43 with Hopper from that prompt list you just reblogged? Love your writing by the way, you write the best Hopper smut! :)’

(39. “Don’t go. Please.” and 43. “I want you so bad, baby.”)

"Fuck you, Hopper."

It starts over the stupidest thing. Doesn't it always?

When Jim Hopper picks you up from work that evening, he finds you sat outside the diner, talking with a man he doesn't recognise, maybe an out-of-towner asking for information on Hawkins. He watches you turn your head and smile widely when he pulls up, waving at him. He smiles back, feeling that stupid, warm feeling at the sight of you. It had been a shitty day and, God, is he glad it's finally over and he can see you now. He's planning to get you both something to eat from the store, something that won't take too long to cook, then he's going to make sure neither of you move from the couch, for one reason or another.

Then, he watches you squeeze the man's arm and lean a little closer to him as you say your goodbyes. And he watches the man's eyes follow you as you make your way over to the Blazer.

Climbing in, you buckle your seatbelt and turn to smile warmly at Hopper.

"Hey, baby, how was your day?"

"Fine." The answer is tight, and he doesn't look at you as he pulls a little too quickly out onto the road.

You frown, concern quickly rising within you.

"Are you sure?"

"Yep."

You decide to let it go, for now, knowing you can't get anything out of Hop when he's in a mood like this. The drive back is dominated by silence, but you try not to be too worried, assuming one of his officers had done something stupid today or he'd had to deal with an irritating citizen. But he'd smiled when he saw you, hadn't he?

It's when he pulls up in front of the cabin, kills the engine, slams the car door shut and heads inside without you that you start to feel the concern creeping back. No matter what mood he was in, he always

waited until you were out of the car before heading up the stairs. Biting at your lower lip, your frown returns as you step out of the car and close the door, holding your bag at your side.

Entering the cabin, you drop your bag onto the nearest armchair after closing the door, your eyes on him as you remove your coat and slip your flats off. He stands in the kitchen area with his back to you, lighting a cigarette, his coat already off and thrown onto the couch. Hanging your coat up, you then fold your arms across your chest.

"Jim, what's going on?"

He still doesn't turn to you, smoke curling over his shoulders as you hear him exhale.

"Jim, come on, you're starting to-"

"Who was that guy you were talking to?"

"What?" You blink, momentarily taken by surprise. "The guy outside the diner? He's-"

"Don't tell me, just some guy, huh?" He finally turns and you are suddenly subject to the full force of his hardened gaze.

Confusion spreads across your features.

"What? But he is, he's just a regular customer. Why?"

Hopper just shakes his head, his jaw clenching as he flicks at his cigarette, ash dropping onto the floor.

What the hell is his problem...

Then, it hits you.

Sheer, incredulous anger begins to rise within you as your arms drop to your sides.

"*Why*, Jim. Say it."

He remains silent, staring at you.

"*Say it.*"

Hopper runs his tongue over his teeth as he shifts slightly.

"Are you seeing him?"

You'd asked him to say it, yet you're still not prepared for it when it comes.

"How *dare* you." Your voice is so low, so cold as you stare at him, trying to control the rage inside you.

"Well, a regular customer, huh? He must be coming back for some reason."

"I'm sorry, *what*?"

"He must be coming back for some reason, sweetheart, so why's that?"

"I don't *know*-"

"Oh, so, what? You're not giving him a reason? What, is he harassing you?"

"No, he just-"

"Yeah, that's what I thought."

"He just *talks* to me, Hopper, we just *talk*, that's it." Your voice starts to rise as you begin to struggle to contain your anger.

"Oh, is that just it? 'cause you both looked pretty damn cosy out there to me." His voice begins to rise, too, and it just makes your blood boil with indignation.

"What the *hell* are you talking about, Hopper?"

"I saw you touching him! And a man doesn't look at a woman like that unless he has a damn good reason to!"

"Oh, just fuck *off*, Hopper. You have no ide-"

"Oh, so I'm wrong, am I? He doesn't want to fuck you, huh? And you haven't thought about it and given him reason to-"

"You know what, yeah," you snap, "When he comes in tomorrow I'll just suck his dick right there for everyone to see because that's what I want to do so *fucking* badly, Jim, you're absolutely right."

You've had enough. Turning, you start to head towards the bedroom, your jaw clenched tightly.

"Hey. Hey, don't walk away from me!" Hopper yells, hurling his cigarette into the sink as he strides after you.

Whirling around, you match his tone, thrusting a finger at him as he

halts.

"How *dare* you even *think* I'd think of doing *anything* with another man. I bet you fantasise all damn day about all the women in this town you'd like to fuck. Oh, wait, you've already fucked half of them!"

Turning, you move towards the bedroom again.

"What the fuck did you just say?"

He suddenly grips your shoulder and spins you, shoving you against the wall. Your back collides with it and you exhale a short, sharp breath, your gaze locking with his. One of his hands slams against the wall beside your head as he stares down at you, breathing hard, fury raging in his eyes.

"What the *fuck* did you just say?" he repeats, his voice dangerously low.

He's close to you, so close. You can practically *feel* the anger radiating off of him, every muscle in his body tense as he stares at you with such indignation, such outrage and...

A different feeling starts to burn deep within you.

And he sees it flicker in your eyes.

"Fuck you, Hopper," you hiss quickly, your chest starting to rise and fall a little faster. "I've heard people talking. I've heard the snide comments when I'm out shopping from women I don't even know. I've heard your boys down at the station talking so yeah, *forgive me* for thinking you might get a little restless. Don't you *dare* start throwing accusations around at me, you fucking bastard, I'm not the one who can't keep it in their pants, so fu-"

His other hand suddenly moves and his thumb presses under your chin as he grips the side of your neck, making your head tip back. Your lips part as your breathing hitches at the movement, and your hand has automatically flown up to grip the front of his shirt, pressing the heel of your palm into his chest, your teeth gritting. Something thrums deep inside you, something that you don't want to submit and admit to.

He presses his lips together, breathing hard, and you know he's trying to control himself. Control *what* specifically, though, you're not quite sure. You stare right back at him, your eyes burning, daring him, challenging him.

His tongue runs over his lower lip as his thumb applies just a little more pressure.

"Looks like I'm gonna have to remind you of a few things."

Lowering his head, he crushes his lips to yours. The fire inside you erupts. Tightening your grip on his shirt, your knuckles nearly white, you yank his body against yours, releasing a muffled, frustrated sound against his lips.

Anger still burns within you but now... Now burning *lust* is entangling with it and, God, you don't want it to stop. His hand moves from beside you to grip your hip tightly, pinning you against the wall. You release a groan and he takes advantage of it, dipping his tongue into your mouth and stroking and coaxing at your own. Pushing his knee between your legs, spreading them apart, the movement forces you up on to your tiptoes to steady yourself as he pulls his lips from yours, biting and sucking down your jaw and neck.

He turns you then, pressing you flush against the wall and pinning you there with his chest against your back as you inhale sharply. His hands fall to your hips and he pulls your ass against him, making you feel his hard cock straining against his trousers. Sliding his hands around to your stomach, he moves them up and cups your breasts, his fingers squeezing as his lips press against your ear.

"You're gonna moan for me, sweetheart," he gravels, his thumbs brushing back and forth over your covered, hardening nipples. "You're gonna make all those pretty sounds that make my cock hard, and you're gonna moan my name and thank me for makin' you feel so fuckin' good."

You swallow hard as your jaw clenches, stubborn indignation rising within you as you suppress a moan, even as his words have a fresh wave of arousal dampening your pussy lips.

"Fuck you, Hopper," you hiss.

He exhales a rough laugh. "Oh, you're gonna beg me, sweetheart." His finger tips hook into the neckline of your dress and he yanks it down

under your breasts. "You're gonna beg me to touch you." He grips at the shoulders of your dress, his fingers curling under your bra straps, and pulls them down to your elbows, effectively keeping your arms secured at your sides and freeing your breasts. "You're gonna beg me to let you come." Wrapping his fingers around your hip, his thumb pressing against the small of your back, his other hand cups your breast, his thumb and forefinger squeezing your nipple.

Pressing your cheek against the wall, you grit your teeth against the moan that rises in your throat as your eyes close.

"I know you liked that, sweetheart." He squeezes your nipple harder, making your teeth sink into your lower lip, before his hand drops. Running it up your thigh, he slides it under your dress to your panties, his fingers gliding over your pussy. "Oh, baby, you're *so wet*. Is that for me, huh?" He presses two fingers against your clit when you don't respond, making you bite harder at your lip as you exhale a sharp breath.

"Only I get to touch you like this, sweetheart," he murmurs, his voice low and rough. Sliding his fingers into the waistband of your panties, he runs them along your wet slit, gathering your slickness onto his finger tips. "You only get to be this fuckin' wet for me."

Your head tips back on to his shoulder and a faint, strained groan sounds from your throat as he drags his fingers back up to your clit. You can't stop your hips from bucking when he begins to firmly circle it, and you feel him smile against your neck as your brow dips and your lips part. When you manage to stop any sound from coming out, though, he exhales a breath and lowers his head, mouthing at your skin. His fingers then move faster as he bites at your shoulder. Gritting your teeth with a small groan, you arch your back, your breasts pressing against the cold wall as your ass pushes against his

clothed erection.

Grunting, his head lifts and his hands grip at your hips. Pulling you away from the wall, he turns you and pushes you into the bedroom. Before you can straighten up, the door shuts behind you and his hands are back on your hips. Pushing you towards the bed, one of his hands slides up your back and presses you down. Your arms still secured at your sides, you fall down on to your front with a soft 'oof'. Hopper allows his hand to move down to your head, his fingers brushing your hair away from your face before he traces a finger tip over your lips, a fleeting sign of tenderness.

Straightening up, he unclasps your bra before his hands grip your dress where it's been settled at your elbows and he pulls. He drops to his knees as he pulls the dress down, and once your arms are finally free you raise them, pull your bra off and grip at the bedcovers while lifting your feet one after the other so he can remove the dress completely. Tossing the dress aside, his hands then travel up the back of your legs. Your breathing is now ragged as one of his hands moves between your legs, the other settling on your ass, and his thumb runs down your slit. Your hips jerk slightly as his thumb slides over your clit, before he twists his hand and pushes his forefinger inside your wet hole, made tighter by your legs together.

Pressing your face against the mattress, you squeeze your eyes shut as the faintest of whimpers escapes you, your back curving slightly when he begins to slowly fuck his finger in and out of you. He pushes his hand against your back, making you lie flat again and raising your ass higher, before his hand drops to your ankle. Pulling at it, widening your legs, you can't help the delicious thrill of arousal that races through you at how exposed you are to him. Slipping another finger inside you, he maintains his slow pace, no doubt wanting to tease you into submitting to him. His low words confirm it.

"How does that feel, sweetheart, hm? Fuck, you feel so good... I can't wait to feel your pussy around my cock..." He smiles to himself as he watches your toes curl against the rug. "That sounds good, doesn't it, baby... Fuck..." Slowly drawing his fingers out, he leans closer and covers your slit with his mouth.

You feel your knees weaken slightly as his tongue strokes up your wetness and he groans at the taste of you.

"Jesus Christ, baby..." Wrapping his hands around your thighs to keep you in place, he licks and sucks at your pussy, firmly drawing your clit between his lips.

Fisting the bedsheets, you pull at them as quiet sounds begin to escape your throat.

"What was that? You moanin' for me, baby?"

Clenching your jaw, you inhale a slow, shaky breath to try and steady yourself.

"Fuck you, Hopper," you breathe.

Pulling back, he grips your hips and turns you over. Inhaling sharply, your eyes snap open at the movement, your lips parting. Before you can react, he moves his hands under your thighs and grabs your wrists, holds them against your stomach, lowers his head and laps hungrily at your pussy.

A sound resembling a *growl* leaves you as you grit your teeth and throw your head back.

"There we go, baby..." he murmurs against you, the vibration of his deep voice making your hips jerk. Sucking at your clit, he tightens his grip on you as you try to pull your hands away, wanting to cover your mouth, pull at his hair, grip at the sheets, do *anything* to try and ground yourself as pleasure starts to build within you.

Your chest rises and falls quickly as your hips buck against his mouth, sharp, audible breaths leaving your parted lips. Dipping his tongue into your hole, he draws it back out and sucks harshly at your clit. Unsuccessfully trying once more to pull your hands away, your heels press against his back, silently urging him on as you near the edge of your release, biting so hard at your lip.

Then he pulls away.

You *whine* as he gets to his feet. Opening your eyes, you stare at him as he releases your wrists.

"Got to let me hear those words, sweetheart," he gravels. Pressing one hand down on the mattress beside you, he leans over you, his other hand travelling down your stomach. Reaching your pussy, he pushes three fingers inside you.

Your mouth drops open as a strained groan rushes out of you. Unable to take your eyes off of his, your hand darts up to grip at his shirt,

your lips moving slightly though no words come out.

"Come on, baby..." His hand moves from the mattress to your throat, his fingers wrapping around and squeezing.

Your eyelids fluttering, your breaths are raspier as your other hand settles on his forearm, holding on to him.

Thrusting his fingers in and out of you, his thumb presses down on your clit and you start to feel the pleasure that had begun to fade building once more. Unable to keep your eyes open any longer, you tip your head back, his hand around your throat, mercifully, stopping the loud moans that are desperate to be released.

When he feels your slick walls start to clench around his fingers, however, he then slows his pace and lifts his thumb from your clit. Groaning pitifully, your eyes open as you tighten your grip on him.

He doesn't say a word as he slowly fucks you, drawing his fingers all the way out before pushing them back in. You roll your hips up as best as you can, trying to coax him into quickening his thrusts. He doesn't relent, in fact, he moves his fingers even slower... And you can't take it anymore.

"Please, Jim..." you breathe, staring up at him through half-lidded eyes as you slide your hand down to settle it over his at your throat.

His eyes darken and you watch a corner of his mouth lift slightly,

before you throw your head back with a husky cry as he suddenly, swiftly, moves his fingers, his thumb pressing down hard on your clit.

Mere moments later, you finally, *finally* tumble over the edge into your release, just as he relaxes his hold on your throat. The rush of oxygen that floods your lungs sends you higher in your orgasm, your eyes rolling back slightly as you close them. He continues to thrust his fingers as a cascade of moans finally fall from your lips as you writhe, prolonging your climax to the point where you have to grip his wrist to stop him, your hips jerking as you become sensitive.

You feel him pull away from you, your hands falling to your sides, as you take in slightly shuddering breaths, your eyes remaining closed. You lie there, allowing your mind to return to your body as you come down from your high, not knowing how much time passes. Wetting your dry lips, dragging your lower one between your teeth, you then hear the unmistakable sound of a belt unbuckling, and slowly open your eyes.

Hopper's removed his shirt and vest, and his gaze travels your body he unzips his trousers.

"Fuck... Look at you, baby..." he murmurs, pushing his trousers down and kicking them aside as he takes in the faint, red finger marks around your neck, the flush on your chest, your hard nipples, your glistening pussy lips. "I don't want anyone else fuckin' seein' you like this... Only I get to see you like this... I want you so bad, baby..."

Removing his boxers and tossing them aside, a dull throb starts within you as your eyes drop to his hard cock, the swollen head leaking. Returning your gaze to his, you rise up on your elbows and move backwards slowly on the bed, giving him more room, giving

him permission.

"Fuck me, Jim."

He advances on you instantly. Covering your body with his, he claims your lips in a searing kiss as your hands settle either side of his neck, your finger tips twisting into his hair. Groaning against your mouth, he pulls your leg around his waist as his forearm settles above your head to support himself.

"Yeah, you want my cock, huh..." he growls against your lips, moving a hand between you to grip his erection.

"Yeah, baby, I want you to fuck me..." you breathe, rolling your hips up as you grip at his shoulder. "... Please, Jim, I need you inside me, I need-"

You're unable to finish your plea as he thrusts inside you, no longer willing to tease you. Dropping his head to the crook of your neck, he groans as he pushes his hard cock into you in one swift stroke, filling you completely. Your mouth open in a silent cry, your nails sinking into his shoulder, you're given barely any time to adjust as a few moments later he pulls his hips back and begins to fuck you, setting a hard, steady pace. He sucks and bites at your skin as you whimper against his ear before moans start to leave you with nearly every exhale.

"That's it, baby, show me how much you love this..." he growls, words tumbling from his lips. "... All wet for me, so fuckin' wet and tight, just for me... Feel every inch of my thick cock, I want you shakin' for

me, baby, I want you to feel this tomorrow and remember you're mine... You're mine, baby... And I'm yours..." He trails off with a tight groan as you clench your slick walls at his words, your broken moan mingling with the sound.

He thrusts into you relentlessly hard and fast, and you can only grip tightly at his shoulders to ground yourself as your head tips back, leaving red marks on his skin.

"I'm yours..." you hear yourself murmuring, and a second later his hand is at your jaw, cupping it as the pad of his thumb brushes over your lips.

"Say it again," he commands, dragging your lower lip down for a few moments.

"I'm yours..."

"Louder."

"I'm yours...!" you cry out, just as he angles his hips and snaps them forward slightly harder, knowing just where to find the sweet spot inside you. Now hitting it repeatedly, your moans grow louder and higher as he drives you towards your second release, your back arching off the mattress.

"I know you're close, baby..." His hand is suddenly around your throat once more, harder than before, and you're unable to release your

whispered curse of pure bliss. "... Come on, come for me again, baby, that's it, come on my cock, let me feel you..."

Your entire body goes taut, your lips parted, your eyes shut, as you teeter on the tip of your release. Then, as he thrusts into you, squeezes your throat, then releases it, you shatter, an overload of sensations overwhelming you. Gasping in a breath, a loud cry is then torn from your lips as pleasure surges through you, your mind going blank as your climax overpowers you. You faintly feel him stiffen before his hips jerk and he spills his release inside you, the string of short groans and curses he emits sounding far away.

It's several moments, you think, before you start to come down. Your heavy eyelids opening, you find that you're trembling a little, and one of your hands is gripping the bedsheets, the other his shoulder.

Hopper's face is pressed into the crook of your neck, a hand clutching at your hip. He doesn't move, though you can feel his heavy breaths against your skin. You swallow, your own breaths raspy, and start to feel slightly uncomfortable due to him resting on you.

Starting to shift, intending to just move out from under him or hoping he'll take the hint, not quite sure you're able to speak just yet, his hand then darts out to settle over yours on the bed.

"Don't go. Please." He says the words so quietly as his fingers lace with yours, so gently, that you feel your chest tighten.

"I'm not going, Hopper," you murmur, your voice a little rough.

You feel him relax instantaneously as he exhales a breath that he sounds like he was holding. Pushing himself up a moment later, quickly, probably having realised you were uncomfortable, he gazes down at you, his hand cupping your cheek.

"I'm so sorry, baby..." he begins, shaking his head a little. "I'm so fuckin'!"

"I know, I know..." you murmur, turning your head to press a soft kiss to his palm. "... I'm sorry, too. I didn't mean half the shit I said."

"I know, please don't apologise, sweetheart..."

Lowering his head, he captures your lips in a tender, lingering kiss as his thumb strokes along your cheekbone. Sliding your arms around his neck, you know there'll be a conversation to be had in the morning, but right now you just want to hold and be held.

"... Just *half* the shit you said?" he asks as he pulls his head back slightly, the corners of his mouth twitching as he tries not to smile.

"Fuck off, Hopper..." you murmur, unable to stop your smile as you draw him closer for another kiss.